Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | Montreal, November 1, 1940. | 77th Year.

"Giants"

By O. J. Allen

For the Messenger

"WHY, WHATEVER IS THE——PAULA, ARE YOU SICK?"

SPANG—G-G! The four o'clock bell vibrated through the Caldone High School. Paula Hilton lingered at her desk, making a great business of putting away this book, and leaving out that, gathering pens and pencils, and altogether keeping very much occupied while her schoolmates hurried out and away.

When the room was emptied of its gay, noisy throng, Paula picked up her books and made her way slowly to the coat-room. She allowed plenty of time for that also to be vacant. It was. The tall, fair girl, with the too-serious expression in her blue eyes, pulled her faded sweater from the hook with a jerk of disdain. A look of utter contempt crossed her face as she crumpled the offending garment under her arm with her books.

At the coat-room door she started when a laughing girl appeared, and almost dashed into her.

"Sorry—. Forgot my books. I was all the way to the corner, mind you, when Fern reminded me."

The brown-eyed, brown-haired girl snatched a pile of books from the window sill, and overtook Paula almost at once.

"Coming my way?" she asked in a friendly manner. For a moment Paula hesitated, then flushing, she answered coldly, "No—no—I'm going—another way. Good-bye."

"Well of all sights and sounds," ejaculated Margery Wallace, staring in honest wonder, after Paula's swiftly disappearing form. "'Going another way', and I walking right past her house. Oh well, I can't help it if she doesn't want friends. And she looks such a nice girl too. I wonder what's wrong with her." The girl's usual good humor reasserted itself and she giggled. "Or maybe what's wrong with *me*? She acted rather as if I might have smallpox." She shrugged her plump shoulders in their soft angora covering, and sped down the steps.

* * *

PAULA, true to her word, went home another way, a long, round-about way. As she came near the small brick house, which was now home to her, she wore again the expression of disgust, which had come to her in the coat-room The ten-year-old twins, Judy and Jerry, shouted to her from the side yard. She answered with a quick wave, and hurried into the house. Throwing her books and the despised sweater down on the hall chair, she went slowly upstairs.

"That you, Paula?"

Her mother's voice was lilting with a hint of the song she had interrupted to call out at the sound of the door.

"Yes, Mother," the girl answered, briefly respectful. How could her mother sing—here?

The girl's eyes swept her surroundings haughtily. Her room was small, but neat and bright. Kindly observant eyes would have noticed the snowy curtains, frilled by loving hands, the home-made dressing table fashioned in tender service, the colorful hand-pieced bed-cover. The stormy eyes of the troubled girl saw only meanness, skimpiness, bareness—poverty. Paula Hilton threw herself on the pretty double wedding-ring quilt, and wept in rebellion.

Carl Hilton, Paula's father, had suffered a long and severe illness, which had cost him a good position. During his long convalescence, his wife had carried on. Their comfortable home, their car, their savings melted before the fire of adversity, but not Mrs. Hilton's sturdy courage. Paula and the twins had been very good, while the strain and excitement lasted. When Mr. Hilton recovered sufficiently, he gratefully accepted a position as insurance representative in this small town far from the home of their birth. Both Carl and Pauline Hilton refused to leave behind any straggling debts, so it was that their life in Caldone began very poorly indeed.

Mr. Hilton, still somewhat frail, resented this for his family's sake, and brooding too much, was often discontented and irritable. The twins were, after all, ten years old and healthy, so that they soon became adjusted. Paula, however, did not. At the sweetly difficult age of fifteen, joys and sorrows were alike tremendously magnified. Then she had to a great extent shared her mother's anxiety during the critical period of her father's illness, and this too had left her ill-fitted to face a new and harder life. Accordingly it was with a high-held chin, but an aching heart, she began school life in Caldone. Only too conscious of her plain and even a little shabby clothes, she believed firmly that her new associates were judging her by her appearance. With a new stern haughtiness, she avoided every advance, seeming to see ridicule and pity beneath each friendly word.

* * *

UPON Mrs. Hilton then, fell the real brunt of the situation,—the scheming, the planning, the managing—the soothing of her husband's bruised spirits—the whole burden of facing the giant poverty. But she was equal to it. She was possessed of the gracious gift of inner happiness, though no one knew what it cost her to keep it. To the twins, Mother just stayed at home and kept house. To Father, Pauline was game, but in his queer human way, while blaming himself bitterly, he was often cross and morose. To Paula, while she loved her mother dearly, it seemed that Mrs. Hilton did not have much to worry her. She did not go out—did not seem to want to go—and therefore the eternally feminine clothes problem did not bother her. In fact, Mother was,—just Mother.

"Paula," Mrs. Hilton spoke cheerfully from the stairs. "Paula, dear, do you want to come and—— Why, my dear, whatever is the—Paula, are you sick?" Surprise changed to edged alarm.

"No—no. Mom I just wish—I wish—oh, Mom, just leave me here, will you please?"

Mrs. Hilton looked in dismay at her daughter. For a moment all the sunshine left her face. She had known for some time of Paula's unhappiness. She had guessed at the cause of it, or part of it. Still she had felt that as Paula made friends, she would rouse from her seeming despair. What she could not fathom was why her golden-haired little girl did not gain companions more rapidly. For this reason she stood her ground in the doorway, believing that Paula, little as she realized it, needed help.

"Paula—I love you," she said softly. This had always been a sort of ritual of hers with both husband and children, in difficult situations—a kind of magic grasp on power. It never failed. It did not now.

"Mother—I can't bear it—I just can't—bear it. That's all. All those girls with their pretty clothes, laughing behind my back. Every day someone has a new dress, and my old ones are so faded and—not like the ones they wear. It's awful, Mom. You can't guess—just can't—guess, and I have no friends—or—any—thing——"

The wild outburst ended in a wail and fresh sobs.

* * *

MRS. HILTON sat down rather heavily on the bed, but the hand that touched the golden hair was light.

"Dear," she said at last, "I know. Believe me I do. But those girls—surely they don't sneer at your clothes? Girls are not so unkind—not girls you *want* for friends?"

"Oh, Mother—no—not to my face—but I just *know* they do behind my back."

"But Paula, how *can* you know what they do behind your back?" To this reasonable question Paula made no answer. Presently, however, she cried out, "Mother, you don't understand.. You don't want to go anywhere, and so you don't need to care about clothes and what people say——"

"Are you quite sure of that, Paula?" Mrs. Hilton interrupted quietly, hiding the hurt. She felt helpless before this outburst, caused by what was real tragedy to her daughter. How she wished she could go to the stores and buy yards and yards of pretty material, gay sports jackets and shoes, and lay them at her little daughter's feet. How she longed to bring again the happy smiles to the beloved young face, and buy for her the gaiety she wanted. But she could not. Besides she knew that would not prepare her girl for similar situations which life would bring. No, even if possible, that was not the answer. Think as she might, however, she could not find the right words to say. The silence was broken only by the gay twitter of birds outside, and the laughter of Jerry and Judy. Thank fortune the twins were not old enough to bother about clothes. At this consoling thought Mrs. Hilton's spirits lifted a little. She brightened hopefully as Paula spoke more quietly.

"It isn't really the clothes, Mom. It's just how different mine make me feel, and what the girls are thinking and all." She twisted the corner of her damp hankie into a hard knob, and hiccoughed forlornly. Her Mother swept the drooping form impulsively into her arms. To be different—that tragedy of youth.

"Paula, Paula darling. It is bad I know. But it won't last. Nothing bad ever lasts too long. Do you remember dear, the old poem we used to recite so fiercely when you first started to school?

" 'There came a giant to my door, a giant fierce and strong.' 'Member when you were afraid to go upstairs alone after dark? We applied the giant poem treatment, and it melted quite away. All those little worries did——"

"But Mother, this isn't little. It means my whole school life. I'm not a child now."

Mrs. Hilton smothered a tender smile.

"No, Paula you're not a child, I suppose; but we're all children when it comes to fighting our giants," she sighed a little. A loud outcry from below stairs startled her and she rose quickly, giving Paula a little pat as she left to deal with the twins.

* * *

AT supper that evening Mrs. Hilton kept the conversation carefully away from Paula. She chattered on brightly and laughed a great deal, to keep Mr. Hilton and the twins from noticing the girl's swollen eyelids. Her policy of mutual protection of father and daughter was quite successful until near the end of the meal.

"Well, Paula, how goes school?" inquired Mr. Hilton. Paula started to answer, and choked apparently on a bite of bread. Mrs. Hilton spoke in the breach.

"Oh, by the way, Mrs. Wallace from our church called. She asked me if I would attend the Ladies' Auxiliary meeting and get acquainted."

"Well, now, that's nice, isn't it? You'll go, of course," said her husband.

Poor Mrs. Hilton flushed hotly, and stammered a little. She had been so anxious to spare Paula that she had not foreseen the difficulty for herself in telling this bit of news.

"Well, no—I guess not—not right away. I—said—I—that is—I told her I couldn't leave—that is, I don't know my way about yet."

Paula looked up quickly. Was she sure her mother 'did not want to go out'?

"Nonsense, Pauline," Mr. Hilton answered in surprise. "You're not a child.

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THE GHOST CURE

By A. R. Wilkes

For the Messenger

WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK

BUTLER, serious-minded school-boy, has a "scientific curiosty" about the ghost supposed to haunt an old chest in the corridor. **GUNDY** and **PARKINSON**, the two "bad boys" of the school plan to play a trick on **BUTLER**. **RYDER**, his friend is worried about it.

ALL that week the boys teased Butler unmercifully about the spook, but he took it in good part and merely smiled.

At last the great day and Butler decided to remain up for his vigil. All his companions were cheering him up and offering encouragement. Some solemnly declared they would never forget him if he didn't come back.

"Absurd! Nothing could happen to me!" he scoffed.

"I don't know about that," chimed in Evans. "When a smart ghost sees a clever fellow like Butler, he isn't likely to let him go!"

"Oh, ridiculous! Really, I don't think you understand what scientific research is."

"Well, science or no science, I'm off to bed," yawned Carter.

"Why don't you stay up with me and see if anything happens?" whispered Ryder.

"Not for me! Imagine staying up till midnight!"

"I'm not going to, nor is Butler," said Ryder. "There's no use waiting in the cold. He's going to bed for a while, but he's too excited to sleep."

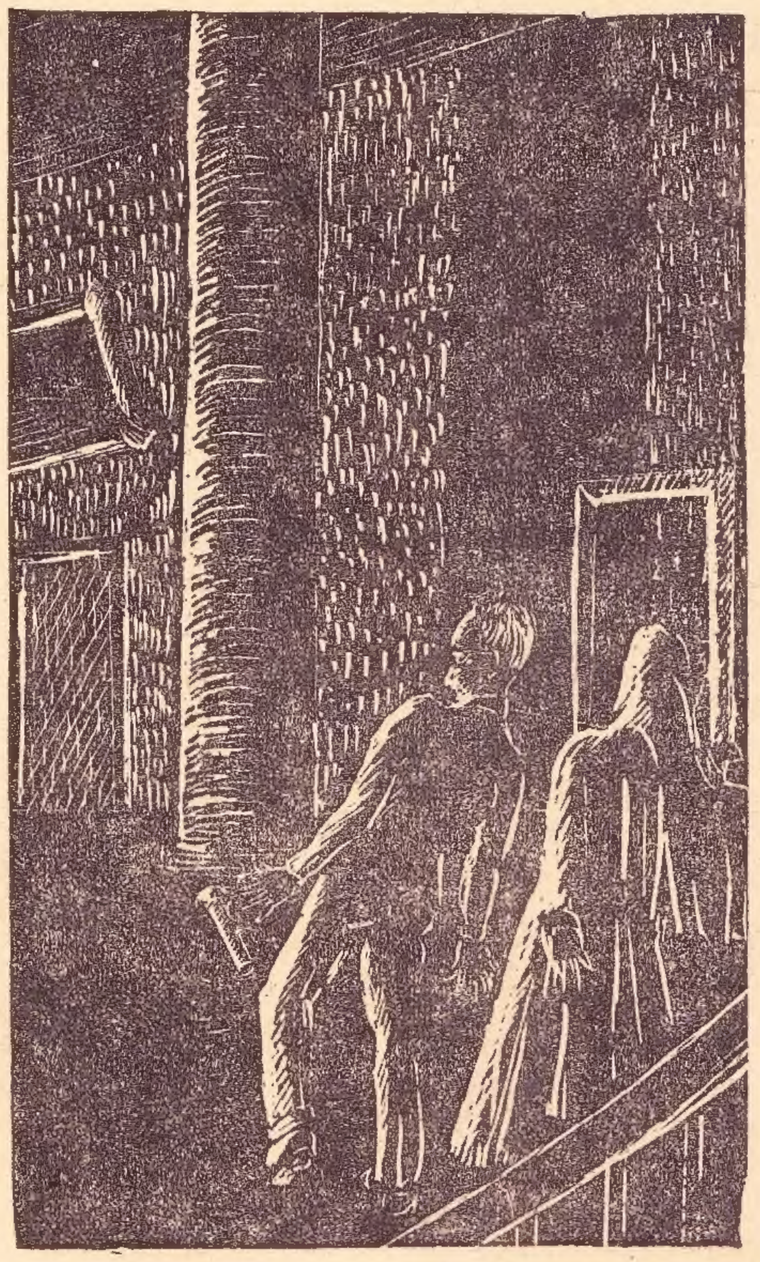
Ryder fell asleep almost at once, and then woke up with a feeling of alarm. He listened as the clock struck twelve. He wondered if it was all worth leaving his bed. As he lay still in the dark he had almost decided that the whole show was off and that the two conspirators had given up the idea of impersonating ghosts. But the thought of trustful and gullible Butler waiting in the cold with his "scientific curiosity" decided him. He jumped out of bed.

* * *

RYDER swiftly crept downstairs to the corridor. The "haunted" chest lay at the end, shadowy and sinister.

Ryder waited patiently, but no ghost put in an appearance. Either the whole show was over, or the plotters had overslept.

He waited stolidly behind a column, shivering in the chill night air. Just as he decided to abandon his post, Gundy and Parkinson put in an appearance. As was expected, Gundy wore the blue costume and Parkinson, walking a little to one side, flashed an electric torch on his "ghostly" companion. Ryder smiled, it was so crude and



"THE TWO WERE HELPLESS WITH FRIGHT"

shabby. He thought humorously that they looked more like housebreakers.

Still, it really *was* creepy in the moonlit corridor, so cold and bare, and the lone sentinel behind the column shivered, not entirely from the cold, either!

The two jokers had reached the middle of the corridor, when Parkinson clutched his companion's arm tightly and pointed to the chest.

Ryder looked in that direction, and gulped nervously. Suddenly his heart started to pound wildly and cold chills ran up and down his back.

* * *

THERE, by the old chest, was shining a pale blue light, which grew stronger as it approached, and in the middle of the radiance was the figure of a young man dressed in quaint, old-fashioned clothing, richly-decorated, with a high collar around the neck. Ryder stared unbelievingly at the apparition, but it was still there. He blinked his eyes. It was the real phantom that they had joked about, come at last! And he could see *through* it! He stared in mingled dread and curiosity. It disappeared momentarily, and then came again, uttering low, mournful little cries.

He had forgotten the two boys in the excitement, and now he turned to look at them. They seemed unable to move, helpless with fright, whn the flickering light moved *towards* them! It seemed to float along the corridor, and then they could stand it no longer. With an awful shriek they turned and fled.

In a flash the scene changed. The lights were switched on and a crowd of boys leaped from their hiding-places shouting, "Don't let those two get away! Stop them!" Half a dozen boys seized the thoroughly frightened pair and held them.

* * *

RYDER turned around, seeking an explanation. Down the corridor, where the blue light had rested, stood Carter,—he who had refused to stop the joke. He was holding a queer dummy figure dressed in blue clothes. Robertson, nearby, was holding some kind of electrical equipment.

Carter got down to business immediately, and called for the two captives.

"Look here, you two!" he snapped, "We've been altogether too patient with your sneaky ways and we've decided to put a stop to 'em." He went on in the same tone for a while, telling them what the others thought about them. "Now remember, if we have any more of this sort of thing, you'll be sorry. Understand?"

"Yes," they mumbled.

"Very well, you can go now," And they fled up the stairs.

Carter turned to the rest of them. "Look sharp! Clear out before the masters arrive."

Ryder stayed behind. "You might have let me in on the joke," he said resentfully.

"I should have, I know, but you took such a serious view of everything that I was afraid you might interfere and stop it. Besides, I wanted to see how it looked to somebody not in the secret. It was rather good, don't you think?"

Ryder grinned sheepishly. "Yes, you made a good ghost. You fooled me completely!"

Carter smiled delightedly, "I got the thing from my father; it's one of his specialties. It's just a thin wire framework, with a costume placed on it, and a kind of balloon inside to make it float. Then a blue light shines through. I made the noises myself. There's your ghost!"

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Government Revenue Through Liquor

By Mary I. Ritchie

STUDY V INTERMEDIATE-SENIOR

National Temperance Study Course for Sunday Schools, 1940.

(A, B, C, D, E and F, seated near table, take part in discussion.)

A: *(Looking over notes in hand.)* Well, everybody ready for today's session?

B: You make it sound very parliamentary, putting it that way. Our little discussions are helpful, but "session" seems a big word to apply to them.

A: I'm glad it sounds parliamentary, for that's where we're heading when we discuss anything so important as Government Revenue Through Liquor. That's the subject for today, you remember. I hope you've all been thinking about it.

C: I have. I just happened to come on something about it last night in a booklet I picked up at a friend's house. Speaking of the drink bill of various provinces, I was startled to learn that one province spent just $73,022,418 on liquor last year. (Refers to notebook when mentioning figures.)

D: Enough to start anyone thinking, I'd say, if it's accurate.

C: It is, and as I say, it started me thinking. There must be an immense revenue to someone from all the liquor consumed.

E: To the brewers and wine merchants and owners of hotels and beer parlors, I expect. Who else?

C: Well, you and me, I suppose. We're citizens of the country, even if we haven't a vote yet, and we're represented by the men in parliament who are elected by the people. These men do our business—the business of the country—for us, make and enforce the laws, and so on. The Government, both Dominion and Provincial, is in business in several ways. It controls certain industries and utilities, from which it collects a revenue that goes into the Provincial—or the Dominion—treasury. The Government collects this revenue from the industries and utilities that it controls, and of late more and more things have come under Government control.

B: Why?

* * *

C: For various reasons. Sometimes because private individuals or corporations are not giving satisfactory service, sometimes because there is need for actual control so that some people will not grow rich and others actually suffer through the handling of the enterprise—or one might use the word "business," perhaps.

A: Such as—

C: Such as the liquor business, since that is what we are here to discuss. There were so many abuses of privileges, so much bootlegging, and so many violations of the laws governing the manufacture and sale of liquor, that nearly all the provinces of Canada took over control and went into the business itself.

D: Is the revenue entirely from the sale of liquor to the public?

C: Most of it is, but there is also some revenue from permits and from licences.

E: Then I'd think the Government, if it was in business for profit, wouldn't want to do too much "controlling" and thus cut down its own revenue.

C: That is the great temptation, I expect. Any enterprise that the Government handles wants to be made to pay, and if too firmly controlled, sales go down, and sales mean profits. It goes round in sort of a circle.

It's a mighty big responsibility for a government, I'd say.

C: That's just it. Think of the amount of absolute alcohol contained in all the beer, wine and other spirits consumed.

A: Have you any fingures for that?

C. *(referring to notebook)*: Yes, I have and they are startling. In 1939 the amount of absolute alcohol in the wine drunk in one province was 343,379 gallons.

D: Gallons!

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C: Those are the figures, vouched for as correct. And that's not all. In the amount of beer consumed in the same time there were 1,360,541 gallons of absolute alcohol and in other spirits 662,583 gallons, making a grand total of 2,366,503 gallons of alcohol poured down the throats of drinkers in one province in one year.

E: Quite a revenue from that, I'd say.

C: There's another revenue that comes indirectly—no, I'll say directly—from liquor into the Government treasury, and that is from fines for offences against the Liquor Acts, and fines for breaking all sorts of laws under the influence of liquor.

A: Like speeding and wrong parking and so on when driving after drinking?

C: That, and a number of other things. Think of all the convictions for disorderly conduct, neglect of children, gambling, assault, damage to property and even manslaughter and murder that can be put down directly to drink.

B: But the Government must do a great many *good* things with the money that comes even from such a doubtful source. The Government hires a great many people to attend to its business, to see that the laws it makes are carried out, that its citizens are protected, that justice is dealt out fairly, that we have good streets and roads and public buildings, that children are sent regularly to school and that they have good schools to attend.

It provides splendid hospitals, with efficient doctors and nurses, engages police and traffic officers and does a great many things for the safety and comfort of the people. Surely it can be given credit for having the interest of its people at heart.

C: A great deal of credit. But some of these costs for safety and comfort might not be so high if there was not so much alcohol consumed. Take the man who, when under the influence of liquor, loses control of his car and kills someone on the highway.

E: Perhaps the someone should not have *been* on the highway at the time.

C: That's not the question. If he was to blame, the law will deal with that and the driver of the car will, in time, be freed of blame. But first he must be arrested, and possibly lodged in jail.

D: He may be allowed out on bail.

C: Even so, there must be a trial. That means paying the policeman who arrests him, the doctor who attends the man who was hurt or killed, the ambulance driver who will take him to the hospital or the morgue, the coroner who will conduct the investigation, the lawyer who will sit on the case, as well as all the court officials who must be in attendance, the judge who passes sentence, the witnesses, if any, who must be paid for their time, the staff at the prison where he is kept during trial or afterwards.

* * *

F: But all these people are employed by the Government anyway. They will draw pay and go about their work whether that particular man is arrested and tried or not.

C: But if hundreds of other men who have been arrested for similar crimes, should keep sober and avoid arrest, there would be less need for large staffs to attend to these things.

F: Then perhaps these officials, being out of jobs, would be on relief and have to be cared for anyway.

C: Not likely. If the money spent on liquor were spent on furniture, books, clothing, all sorts of things necessary for health and happiness, there would be employment for a great many more workers than were necessary for

(Please turn to Page 13.)

An Investment In Youth

By E. F. B.

LAST week I talked to a group of bright-eyed, eager-faced boys and girls for whom life is being made a happy adventure. They are the children of the Friendly Home in Montreal. They were telling about their trip last summer to a country place where trees, grass, sunshine and a rippling river made the setting for a grand holiday.

They swam and they fished. "We dug our own worms," they said proudly, "and cleaned our own fish and fried them and ate them. Oh, they were big enough to eat, sure——that long!"

The boys cut kindling wood and carried it to the house. Someone found a birch tree with bark just right for making things. Out of it they made toy canoes,—seats and all—picture frames, albums and book-covers. They rose at seven or earlier and were out-of-doors most of the time. They had porridge for breakfast—cream of wheat seeming to be a favorite.

The girls spent happy mornings on the little beach "sun-tanning." They all enjoyed their swings and see-saws and got a great thrill out of riding on the hay-wagon. They have blissful memories of "hot dogs" and a fireplace that the boys could light themselves. . . .

* * *

WITH a good summer behind them, this little family is looking forward to the winter. They told me about it that bright October afternoon in their downstairs playroom and dining-room at the Friendly Home.

"In winter we go tobogganning in the Park—what speed! Boy, oh boy! And sliding and skating. . . At Christmas we have grand times, too. We have a party just before Christmas, and in the middle of it Santa Claus comes in. And then there's some excitement, b'lieve me!"

* * *

MY visit coincided with their Thanksgiving Service, held every autumn. While I chatted with the "young fry" two older girls were occupied helping to serve tea to the guests. We had sung together a harvest hymn, and the children had recited Psalm 111, each giving a verse in turn. Every word was clear and distinct. They told me they had rehearsed carefully.

Training and care showed also in the two songs they sang. One verse of the first song was:

Praises everywhere
Sweetly sound,
Joy victorious
Here is found.
Raise the melody,
Let it ring
Worship the Heavenly King.

FRIENDLY MEMBERS OF THE FRIENDLY HOME FAMILY

REV. J. M. Kik, of the Campbell Memorial Church, the chairman and president, spoke of those whose service and gifts have made the Home possible. Rev. F. H. Wilkinson, rector of St. James the Apostle Church, spoke of the art and necessity of thanksgiving. Personally, I felt intensely grateful as I listened. I realized that the people who have given of themselves and their goods in order to give these boys and girls such a grand start in life are rendering thanksgiving to God in one of the finest ways possible. And at the same time I saw the significance of their work.

Youth is the raw material for the nation of tomorrow. And here was Youth vibrantly happy, full of pep, keen, appreciative, ready to take its place in the world. The building of their lives is an investment in the future and a national service.

* * *

SOME of the children were from 8 to 12 years old. But upstairs in the "baby loft" I found the most adorable group of eight "extremely young" members of the family. The youngest at two weeks lay serenely looking up with blue, blue eyes. They all were in their cribs, with blue blankets for the boys, pink for the girls; and they were wonderfully well-behaved. I couldn't talk with them, but I just smiled and some of them smiled back.

The Friendly Home is truly friendly, with a quiet graciousness about its rooms. One thinks of it as a Home provided by a loving Heavenly Father through those who were eager to let Him work through them. It can be carried on in the same way with the same spirit pervading it, if those who know about it are willing to let God give through them.

Contributions made payable to John Dougall & Son will be acknowledged in the "I Care" column of this paper and will be forwarded *in full* to the treasurer. Our thanksgiving for our country, our privileges, our opportunities, may well be expressed in concrete form in this way.

I CARE

FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND BABIES

Contributions previously acknowledged and forwarded to Official Treasurer	$57.40
Further Contributions	12.00
Mrs. W. Trickle, Sask	.85
Miss I. Taylor, Ont.	1.70
Mrs. Fourney, Sask.	1.00
"Just a Friend"	1.20
Total	$74.15

GRENFELL LABRADOR MEDICAL MISSION NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND

Contributions previously acknowledged and forwarded to Official Treasurer		$178.70
Further Contributions	$74.30	
Miss Isabella Taylor, Ont. ...	1.70	
Mrs. C. J. MacKenzie, N.S. ..	1.00	
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Mr. A. H. Tallis, Ont.	.20	
Mr. F. Chappell, Ont.	.20	
John Alex Hunter, Ont.	4.50	89.40
Total		$268.10

All contributions will be acknowledged in these columns. Cheques or Money Orders should be made payable to John Dougall & Son in Trust, P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes, Montreal.

"The Grasshopper Spirit"

AND there we saw . . . the sons of Anak . . . and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight. Thus ran the report of the spies on their return to Moses.

We smile at their timidity, we despise them for their indecision, we lose patience with them because they have lost their trust in the Eternal God who delivered them "from Egypt, out of the house of bondage." They lacked courage in facing up to the task that lay before them. Yet, look around—what do you see?

Ah, yes—those are strong, reliant souls, men and women facing up to life with courage and resolution, but look yonder—that life, weak and feeble; those frustrated purposes; mark those unfulfilled resolutions; that lack of spirit and endurance. Are not these just that "grasshopper spirit" manifested in our own time?

Chesterton tells us: "The crimes of the Devil who thinks himself of immeasurable value are as nothing to the crimes of the Devil who thinks himself of no value."

Life will never be worthwhile until the spirit of timidity, indecision, vacillation and frustration have been overcome and in their place have been set courage, resolution and endurance.

How can this be brought about? It can be brought about by reliance in God. Take to heart the words of David as he faced Goliath, "Thou canst come with a sword, and with a spear and with a shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts," the God of the self-reliant soul.—J. McKinney in the "Walgett Presbyterian."

Let me ask that more and more my praying may be *in the Holy Spirit*, that He will teach me to ask for things that are in accordance with His *good and perfect and acceptable will.*

Millions of men and women today must listen to air-raid warnings because nations have not listened to the Voice of God in days gone by.

Get rid of all desire to make other people suffer for their sins. God does not want us to suffer for our sins. He wants to lift us up and free us from them.

"If I take my real problems to God I need never worry about prayer-times becoming formal or uninteresting."

A Point for Sunday School

OVER in New York State, just across the border from Canada, a judge of the Supreme Court tells us of his experience with boys. He has been on the bench for twenty-three years, and over four thousand boys, under the age of twenty-one, have been convicted of crime in his court. How many of these were Sunday School scholars? Just three. Of these four thousand boys, nearly one-half of them, 1902, were put on suspended sentence, and given in charge of some minister of some church, or in charge of a rabbi, if they were Jews.

So this judge says: "If all the children could be kept under the influence of the Sunday School, and the grown-ups were active in some church, we could close our prisons and jails, instead of being compelled to enlarge and increase their number."—Sel.

"Thanksgiving"

By Joseph Auslander

We shall ride this storm out, we shall stand
Once more on the rock no storm can shatter,
And the bleeding heart and the broken hand
Shall be lifted up in a lovely land,
And the thunderheads scatter!

How rich are we who have learned to bear,
And how enriched who have learned by living
That faith is deeper than despair
And that we double the strength we share
And multiply in giving!

The Lord be praised that we still can praise
And God be thanked for the thanks we render!
For the courage that kindles our blackest days,
For the dream no darkness dims or dismays—
Thank God the Defender! —Exchange

Depend on Christ.

"REMEMBER"

When you're sad and feeling lonely,
Thinking no one cares for you;
Nothing else can bring the comfort,
That a prayer will bring to you.

When you waken in the morning,
Don't forget your Saviour's love;
Leave all other cares behind you,
Raise a prayer to Him above.

If at noontide you are weary;
With the duties of the day,
Pray to Jesus, it will help you
Quickly drive the gloom away.

—Sel.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : In her tongue is the law of kindness. Prov. 31:26

Mon. : Put on kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness.—Col. 3:12

Tue. : We have here but— . . . He said, bring them hither to me." (Matt. 14:17, 18)

Wed. : Thou hast prepared the light and the sun.—Psalm 74:16

Thu. : The true light now shineth.—I John 2:8

Fri. : They desire a better country.—Heb. 11:16

Sat. : Thy dominion endureth. — Psalm 145:13

Bible Students in Korea

IN Korea, north-east of China, there are Bible Institutes that provide four to five weeks' courses for men and women. These courses cover five years and so thoroughly do they train their students that they become Church leaders sufficiently efficient to supply churches as substitutes for ministers, where there are vacancies or where churches cannot afford ministers. These students come long distances, often on foot, impelled by the sincerity and zeal of their devotion.

"The church must be the Church." The loyalty of its members to Jesus Christ, the King and Head of the Church, must overrule all lesser loyalties and maintain the fellowship of believers which is its deepest practical concern. — United Church Observer, Can.

Only closeness to God gives that penetrating clearness of understanding which enables us to love all people,—including those whose ideas and customs are different from ours.

Don't rush God. Follow out every step as He reveals it.

A Prayer

"FORGIVE me, my Father, for this strange reluctance that so often holds me back from prayer, and for my coldness of heart in many a time of prayer.

And forgive me that even when I have prayed with earnest longing my prayers have often been so narrow and so self-centred.

Forgive me that I have sought to press my will upon Thee.

Teach me a nobler way of prayer.

Teach me the prayer in which my will shall be offered up to Thee, that Thou mayest fashion it after the likeness of Thy will. Amen."

Young People's Bible Reading

"Sons of the Most High"

for Sunday
Nov. 10, 1940.
Luke 6:27-28

by BEREAN

CAPERNAUM lay on the north-western shore of the Sea of Galilee. It was the largest of the numerous little towns on the Gennesaret Plain. It was a busy little place, two caravan routes ran through it. It was the seat of a custom-house where Levi-Matthew collected taxes for Herod Antipas, ruler of Galilee. Herod also had a military station in Capernaum with a force apparently organized after the Roman model.

Our Lord had friends in Capernaum and in the neighboring town of Bethsaida. James and John, sons of Zebedee, who were probably His cousins, their fishing-partners, Simon and Andrew, Philip, Nathaniel and others. Jesus had met these young men at John's Baptism (St. John 1:35-51) and they had come to love His companionship.

When He came down to Capernaum He called them. "And they left all and followed Him." This does not mean that they just left their boats for anyone to appropriate. There was old Zebedee and his fishermen employees (St. Mark 1:20) who would carry on the business. But the boats were ever at the Lord's service should He need them.

Galilee even now is a beautiful place, travellers speak of its natural fertility and the beauty of its myriad wild flowers. Two thousand years ago it was still more beautiful. The soil was well cultivated for wheat, barley, and other crops. There were numerous olive yards and vineyards. A great many fishing boats plied the lake for there was abundance of fine fish. The people were of a happy, brave, enthusiastic disposition and our Lord's gracious teaching and His wonderful deeds of healing attracted many followers.

If Galilee could be brought to God Judea would be won over. The nation would be saved from the destruction toward which its hardness and bitter nationalism were heading.

Israel then would become the Messianic nation, His messenger to all peoples of the world. To accomplish His task our Lord required assistants. So He determined to select from the great multitude of His disciples a small number of men "that they might be with Him and that He might send them forth to preach." (Mark 3:13)

The Universal Gospel

LUKE (6:12) tells us that before making this selection "he went out into the mountain to pray, and he continued all night in prayer to God." It was a new stage in His work and He felt the need of special help from God as to the men whom He would select and the training He should give them for their work.

If you have time, read St. Luke 6:12-49. The account parallels the "Sermon on the Mount." St. Matthew, chapters 5, 6 and 7. We do not know whether they are two accounts of the same address. We go on to our study portion.

You which hear.—A peculiar phrase calling special attention to the utterances which follow. It also has the thought of "You who understand." (See Matt. 13:9, etc.) The sayings are addressed to those who will study them and think out their meaning.

"Our Lord . . . forbids private vengeance. . . . It is true that vengeance contains a good element, viz., righteous anger against wrong, but this is so bound up with personal vindictiveness that our Lord forbids it altogether. Christians . . . are not to attempt to retaliate, (pay back) they are, in our Lord's figurative language, to turn the cheek to the smiter. . . . There are occasions when in the interests of society, and in the interest of the criminal himself, it is necessary to resist evil and bring the wrongdoer to justice." (Dummelow)

Smiteth.—"A strong word, meaning not only an insolent slap on the cheek, but a heavy blow."

Offer also the other.—"To take this literally would be grotesque. . . . Jesus expects us to understand him with some imagination and common sense. The principle of non-resistance is illustrated by the example of an extreme instance; this is the very opposite of hitting back." (Adeney)

Cloke . . . coat. In St. Matthew (5:40) the action is described as a process of law.

Give to every one. (R.V.)—Not an exhortation to indiscriminate charity, but to that brotherly love which Christians ought to feel towards everyone, even the improvident and wicked.

"It is right to give to him that asks but not always right to give him what he asks. The best form of giving or lending is that which helps people to help themselves." (Dummelow)

The Golden Rule

AS ye would.—We know this verse as "the golden rule." There are parallels to it in the Jewish, Buddist, Chinese and Stoic writings. Significantly in these instances, it is negative. "What thou dost not wish done unto thee, do not to another."

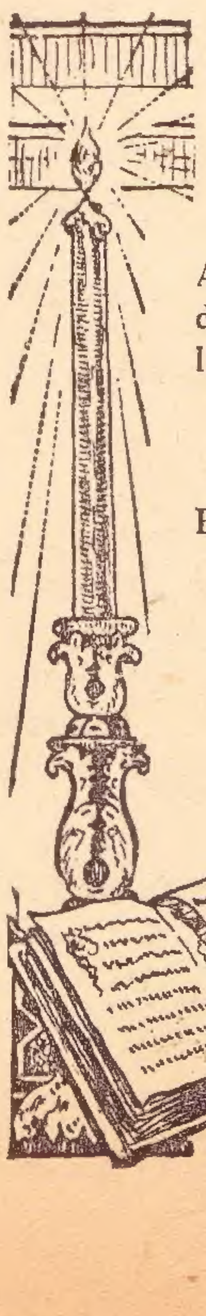
Our Lord's maxim is positive. Matthew's version (7:12) is, "All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them: for this is the Law and the Prophets."

This verse is the centre and core of the sermon. It sums up the teaching of the preceding paragraphs.

(Please turn to Page 8.)

Alike the sick and the miserable and all the humble folk who cherished at heart the hope of Israel that God would one day "visit and redeem his people" felt in the presence of Jesus the kindling of a new faith. A wide-spreading joy and hope traversed a region of the earth which had known so much cruelty and misery.

The Kingdom, the vision of which Jesus spread out before them, was a kingdom of healing, health and love, based on the assurance that God was their Father, loving every one individually . . . because every soul in His sight was of infinite worth. . . . Faith in his power and goodness arose widely and spontaneously—"The common people heard him gladly" and "all men sought him," and multitudes were healed as Jesus passed on circuit through the large villages of Galilee.—From "Jesus of Nazareth" by Charles Gore, D.D.



Memory Verse

As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. —Luke 6:31.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

From Nov. 4 to Nov. 10, 1940.

Mon.—Luke 6:20-26
Tue.—Luke 6:27-30
Wed.—Luke 6:31-35.
Thu.—Luke 6:36-38
Fri.—Luke 6:39-42
Sat.—Luke 6:43-45
Sun.—Luke 6:46-49

NOVEMBER

From *Evangeline*

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
*Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!**
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

*Because generally occuring early in November, the first of November being All-Saints' Day.

SONS OF THE MOST HIGH

(Continued from Page 7.)

What thank.—Literally "grace" or "favor." "What have you done that is specially gracious?"

Sinners.—Notorious sinners. Matthew has publicans (v. 46) and Gentiles (v. 47 R.V.) The Rabbis classed publicans with cut-throats and robbers.

Even individuals of such classes were friendly to each other. The friendliness of our Lord's disciples should be universal in its scope.

Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.
(Kipling)

Love your enemies.—The word for "love" is carefully chosen. We cannot love our enemies with a spontaneous, brotherly affection (philein). But we can with a purposeful Christian love (agapan). "It is a fixed attitude of the will determining the attitude of a man's life." (Gore)

We can "love" people without "liking" them.

There is nothing weak or sentimental about it.

Hoping for nothing again.—The R.V. gives the better sense, "Do good . . . never despairing" or "despairing of no man." Be kind to people, even those who seem to be the most hopeless, never despairing of them.

Sons of the Most High.—As sons of God we are to be "merciful" (Luke) "perfect" (Matthew) as our Father in heaven is merciful and perfect. God's perfection is the perfection of Love. (1 John 4:16) Love "hopeth all things" (1 Cor. 13:7)

Judge not.—Compare James 4:12; Rom. 2:1) Our Lord condemns all kinds of ill-natured or frivolous criticism.

"Judgment as a serious and solemn act is not forbidden by Christ. It is indeed often the Christian's duty to judge and severely condemn things which the world never thinks of judging." (Dummelow)

It shall be given unto you.—If one shows himself friendly, other people, as a rule, will respond wtih friendliness.

Good measure, etc.—The verse exactly describes how an honest merchant in the East will serve a customer. He will press the grain down into the measure, shake it together so that there is no smallest empty space and he will see that the measure is more than brim full.

Into your bosom.—The large loose pocket made in the cloak by drawing it up to a deep fold above the girdle. (Adeney)

Jesus tells His disciples to be friendly and generous in business and in all other relations of life.

The rabbis said, "In the measure that a man measureth, others measure to him." Our Lord often quoted such current sayings.

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES"

THIS "Sermon" of our Lord embodies some of His most important teaching. How are we to interpret it? The Society of Friends (Quakers) accept the non-resistance clauses literally. And there is no body of Christians to whom the world owes more in all departments of philanthropy and reform. And there is no body to whom the promise in v. 38 has been more literally fulfilled.

But many Friends have felt obliged to govern themselves by the spirit rather than by the letter of their teaching. You remember Phineas Fletcher and his "Friend, thou art not wanted here!" as he pushed the slave-hunter back over the cliff. (*Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

There are other "hard sayings" of our Lord besides those in the "Sermon on the Mount." He often said things in a puzzling way so that they would stick in men's minds and they would exercise their intelligence and their conscience upon them. It is by wrestling with difficulties that we grow. God wants us to use our common sense.

We may get some light on the subject by remembering that our Lord was primarily addressing His disciples, humble men with no political power or obligation. He was telling them how they should conduct their personal lives when they went out to proclaim His message.

We are not to take these sayings of His as hard and fast *laws*. We are to take in their spirit. It is only as Christians, keeping in touch with God, that we shall be able to understand and follow them.

Today is "Remembrance Sunday." Twenty-two years ago we hoped that the rule of violence had finally been broken. But—like one of those revivals of evil symbolized in the Revelation by "the beast whose deadly wound was healed,"—it has risen again with even fiercer power to desolate the world, and we are engaged in a death grapple with it. To fight this horror is a Christian duty. It is part of the age-long struggle between Good and Evil. It is written of our Leader that "in righteousness doth He judge and make war."

If we are brave enough and self-sacrificing enough, a day will come when this evil will be defeated and the world released from its spell.

Then we must find some way of turning our enemies into friends. It will take courage and wisdom and firmness and justice as well as "good will."

It has been done many times before, and, especially,—let us be thankful—many times in British history. It is the Christian way and the only way toward lasting peace. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

QUESTIONS

1. Who was our Lord specially addressing in our study?
2. What did He intend His apostles to do?
3. "You which hear."—Put this in other words.
4. "I say unto you"—Complete the sentence.
5. What does this mean?
6. (a) Does it forbid a nation going to war in defence of the right? (b) What should we do when war is over?
7. What is the Golden Rule?
8. Hoping for nothing again.—Give a better translation of these words.
9. What principle does our Lord teach in v. 38.

(See Answers Page 12.)

A Help in Temptation

By Mary I. Ritchie

STUDY V JUNIOR

National Temperance Study Course for Sunday Schools, 1940.

SOMEHOW the moonlight seemed not quite so bright as it had been. Joyce hadn't noticed at first, but it *must* have grown dimmer for she looked twice and couldn't make sure that Jerry, her twin brother, was there on the car seat beside her. Sir Alcohol, their strange little new friend, seemed to have disappeared altogether.

The woolly, blue rug, too, must have slipped off in some mysterious way. Perhaps Jerry had pulled too much of it to his side, for it had suddenly grown colder. Her bare feet felt quite cold, and although Sir Alcohol had boasted that he could keep things from freezing and was very useful in the car radiator, she just couldn't see where he could pour himself into her feet to keep them from freezing.

"Jerry," she whispered softly. But there was no response. Timidly, for it really was much darker than she remembered it being a few minutes earlier, she reached out to where he had been sitting beside her. Yes, there he was. She knew the smooth feel of his new blue pyjamas. But she couldn't see him, not at first. Then, as her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, she could see the outline of his head against the car window—no, it wasn't the car window! The car wasn't there at all! Neither was the shaft of moonlight leading down to the table.

Carefully Joyce felt along the back of the seat on which they sat. It wasn't softly padded as the seat of the new car had been. It was hard, like a window ledge. It *was* a window ledge. And the noise she heard in the stillness wasn't the purring of a well-oiled motor engine. It was the regular breathing of her twin brother.

* * *

"JERRY, Jerry, wake up!" She didn't whisper this time and when Jerry did not speak at once she shook him. "Jerry," she called again, her voice trembling with fear, "wake up, Jerry. The car's gone and it's all dark."

"Gone! I didn't know it had come yet." Jerry rubbed his eyes and sat up. "*You* fell asleep after watching for ever so short a time, but I've been waiting and watching to see it drive in."

"But it was in. Right on the table there, and Sir Alcohol said it was part his because he helped so much in making it and keeping it right. I can't see how he got it out of the room again without us seeing it go. And how ever did we get out?"

"Out of what?" Jerry's tone was impatient. "We weren't going out. We were just going to look out until the new car drove into the yard. I don't believe it's coming till morning now. Let's hurry up to bed."

"But he may come back—Sir Alcohol, I mean, to tell us more about—about athletes."

"What athletes?"

"You remember, Billy Bingham—"

"The rugby player?" interrupted Jerry. "Of course. I have his picture hanging in my room."

"I know. You said that before."

"I didn't. We hadn't been talking about him before."

"You couldn't have been listening when Sir Alcohol—"

"Sir who?"

"Well, he told you to call him Al, but I still call him Sir Alcohol. He is very proud of Billy because he—Billy I mean—doesn't like Al. That sounds funny, but it really isn't. Sir Alcohol is proud of any athlete, or of anyone else, who doesn't let him get inside. He says he does lots of good outside, things that he need never be ashamed of."

* * *

THEN, because, in some way she could not understand, Jerry did not seem to remember any of the things Sir Alcohol had been telling them, Joyce told him all over again.

"I'm rather sorry now that I said he looked like a bottle when his hat was straight. He'd so much rather be in a car radiator or locked up in a thermometer bulb than poured out of a bottle for someone to drink. He doesn't want to get inside people at all. He's much too dangerous."

"Dangerous!"

"Yes. He's just like poison. He said so himself. Isn't it queer that people will take him—alcohol, I mean—to drink when they'd never think of drinking the kind of poison that Daddy puts on the rose bushes when he sprays them, or the strange smelling poison Mother keeps in the blue bottle in the medicine cabinet?"

"That's because they *know* they're poison," defended Jerry.

"They know alcohol is, too. At least *we* know, because Sir Al told us so himself and was ashamed of it."

"Well, we're not taking it. Even if it doesn't really poison me I don't want my arms and legs to stop being elastic, like you said."

"It isn't the arms and legs, it's the muscles that make them move, and the muscles get their orders to move from the nerves that carry all sorts of messages from the brain. You remember Miss Wray explained all that to us in school, but Sir Alcohol seemed to make it plainer. And he was so sorry."

"I should think he would be ashamed, whoever he is."

"You know who he is, Jerry Burton. You sat here—no, not here, in the car, I mean—and talked to him for ever so long."

"But the car isn't here," declared Jerry. "It hasn't come yet. I've been watching."

* * *

"WELL, someone—someone who looked like a bottle and said his name was Sir Al—Sir Alcohol—told us ever so many things. He was very, very interesting, even if he sometimes is such a bad friend to people.

"He honestly doesn't want to get into anyone's blood and then into the brain so that it can't tell the hundreds of little nerves to tell the muscles what to do. He cried about it once."

"Did he tell you how one could stop him getting in at all?" In spite of his doubts about his twin having experienced all the things she was telling him, Jerry was becoming interested. "That *would* have been something worth listening to."

"No, I can't remember him telling me that. He spoke as if there was nothing he could do about it. He said one just had to be strong enough and swift enough to run away from him."

"What if they're not?"

"I thought of that, too, and there's something we can do even if we're not all strong and swift. We can ask God to make us strong enough to keep Sir Al out and swift enough to run away from him, and from all other temptations as well.

"I'm sorry I did not think to tell Sir Al that. He might have been glad to know. He would so much rather be good and make people's lives happier and easier and more comfortable by being a good mixer—the right sort of a good mixer."

"Would it be all right to ask God right now to make us strong and swift?" asked Jerry. "Then we can hurry back to bed, for it's too cold to sit here and the car may not come till morning."

"And the woolly, blue rug is gone as well as the——" but Joyce decided not to mention the car and the moonbeam and the strange little visitor again. Jerry hadn't seemed to understand, though he had been there all the time. But if there hadn't been a little man who looked exactly like a bottle, how

(Please turn to Page 10.)

Our Chums'

MAIL BAG

DEAR CHUMS,—

It has been a very great pleasure to the Editors of the Chums Page to read your spirited letters on "Why is My Country at War?" In these prize winning letters we have established the thing I wanted to make sure of, that you chums know what we are fighting for. Your letters say it—each in their own way. And for every **one** who found time to write a letteer and was successful in getting it published you may count a hundred others who think and feel the same.

Now that we are very clear about what we are fighting for, let us think of how we can daily help to make our country stronger for the battle. One thing we can all do is to be stronger people ourselves, we need strong bodies and clear minds to serve our country well.. We must "get fit and keep fit." So the subject I want you to write on for Part II of our contest is:

"How To Keep Fit To Serve Canada"

You learn a lot in school about keeping fit. Your Health and Hygiene books give you a very good health program. The Red Cross is fine in that way too. In writing these letters you may quote from your Hygiene book or Red Cross rules if you remember to use quotation marks and tell where you are quoting from.

The contest is open to both boys and girls. Those who are Scouts or Girl Guides will have an extra good chance at this subject.

Write as you would talk to a roomful of boys and girls your own age who wanted to know more about keeping fit. Tell them what you think is important to health. We all know cleanliness is important. Make a point of it. Sleep is important. Fresh air, sunshine, exercise, proper food and drink and so on are all a part of our health program. Tell your listeners (or readers) how you would go obout getting fit and keeping fit. And tell them why you think it has a part in our service to Canada. Start immediatly. The fun of this thing is to keep it moving briskly. "Forward, Quick March!" That should be our speed.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—May I join your interesting contest? I have already won two "Northern Messenger" pencils of which I am very proud I have not yet won a Maple Leaf Badge, but I am sending in this letter in the hope that I may have my letter published.

Why is My Country at War?

I think there must be only one answer to stop Hitlerism. If Canada sat back what would happen? There would be no Canada. Some people may ask you "Why is Canada at war?" Well, what else would Canada do but fight for Christianity? Fighting for God's Kingdom, that Christianity will reign at last in supreme peace. We are fighting for peace.

Our forefathers paid a great price for religious liberty and everything worth while in our lives we owe to the Gospel of Christ. If Germany is not quelled now Christianity must die. For example think of the terrible deed of Germany when recently a boat of English children was torpedoed and sunk on the way to Canada. Could anything be farther removed from Christianity? Can one think of anything more brutal than the way the Germans are bombing civilians, women and children? We are fighting to stop all these dreadful things. We are fighting to have an opinion of our own and to be able to express it as citizens of a free nation should.

We are certainly a doomed nation if we do not put a stop to Hitlerism. Yours truly,—Eileen Lane.

Dear Aunt Ruth,—I would like to submit my entry to our new contest, "Why is my Country at War," Here is why I think we are:—

TWO years ago Hitler began making demands on Czechoslovakia. At first he said he only wanted one province that joins on to Germany. The Allied countries thinking, that was all he wanted and that he would not break his promise by taking more, gave in rather than get plunged into war.

But it was not long before he demanded all of Czechoslovakia promising if he got that it would be all he wanted. Still hoping to avoid war that would kill millions and hoping that this time Hitler would keep his promise, the allies gave in.

Then a year ago Germany invaded Poland and with the invasion of Poland the allies realized that it was no good to believe promises that to Germany were bits of paper signed and forgotten and that unless Hitler's plans were nipped in the bud we would all soon be under the Nazi oppression. So war was declared on September the third 1939.

Today my country is at war fighting for her freedom. Freedom to worship God as we please;—Nazism denies God —freedom to speak and work and play as we please; freedom for every man and woman of 21 and over to vote as they believe right and to have our laws made and big decisions made by the people's own representatives not by a dictator; and freedom for smaller countries who are today under Nazi oppression.—Olive A. M. Veness, Alta.

LAST MINUTE CONTEST RESULTS

MARJORIE MERRTT
—*Maple Leaf Badge*

ANNA REAY
—*Honorable Mention*

HELP IN TEMPTATION

(Continued from Page 9.)

could he have told her the very things Miss Wray had told at school? How could—

But Jerry was already kneeling by the window seat, so quietly Joyce slipped down beside him, and the moon, that still shone in, must have been glad to know that at least two little people had discovered a means of keeping temptation away, so that their minds and their bodies might be kept strong and clean and clear as God, who made them, meant that they should be kept.

(*The End*)

QUESTIONS

1. What does alcohol do to muscles, when it gets into the blood stream and reaches the brain, and how does this affect the hands and feet and other parts of the body? Value 10 marks.

2. Name one way in which boys and girls can be made strong enough to keep away from alcohol as a beverage. Value 10 marks.

"Spell ferment and give its definition," requested the teacher.

"F-e-r-m-e-n-t—to work," nobly responded Keith.

"Now use it in a sentence, so I may be sure you understand it."

"In nice weather, I would rather play tennis out-of-doors than ferment in the schoolhouse."

"GIANTS"

(Continued from Page 2.)

Why on earth wouldn't you go? They could call for you at first."

'Not a child' . . 'We're all children when it comes to fighting our giants.' Oh, poor Mother, thought Paula.

* * *

PAULA created a diversion by pushing back her chair and rushing from the room.

"Now what in the world ails her?" demanded the harassed father. Here Judy saved the situation by remarking with ten-year-old wisdom.

"Don't mind her, Daddy. She's just adolescing."

During the following days of that week, Paula was even quieter than usual, but it was the quiet of thoughtfulness. Coming in on a sunny afternoon, she felt rather than noticed the unusual silence in the house. The inside door stood open so she had made little noise. She waited for a moment uneasily, then instead of calling out, some instinct guided her into the living room on her right. She was amazed and a little frightened to find her mother huddled in the old Chesterfield, crying bitterly.

"Mother," she cried, "Oh, Mother, what is it?" In a bound she reached her mother, who sat up quickly.

"Why, honey. When did you come in? I didn't hear you. Is it really four o'clock?" She laughed shakily for no reason.

"Mother," said Paula seriously, "don't try to put me off. Why are you crying?" Mrs. Hilton smiled mistily.

"Well, dear—I guess it's only because I've just lost a battle with a giant." Paula looked earnestly at her parent for a long moment. So long that Mrs. Hilton finally surrendered.

"Paula—don't look so tragic. It's really nothing. There—I feel better. It's—it's very nice in fact. Mrs. Wallace was here again, and she told me that the Ladies' Auxiliary met last week, and she told them that I would like to meet them, but didn't know my way about. Then the ladies very kindly suggested meeting here tomorrow, and so Mrs. Wallace was sent to see if it would be all right. Of course I said it was lovely." Mrs. Hilton ended a trifle defiantly with her chin elevated.

Paula glanced at the worn old Chesterfield as her mother finished speaking, and thought of the new one they had sold before moving. The sunlight was reflected in the bare rugless floor, and showed up the cheap dyed curtains. She remembered the dainty cakes and sandwiches Mother had used to make when the societies met at the old home. Then she thought of the strict penny-counting Mother had to do before making even one extra cake now. While she struggled for words of comfort, she realized her mother had risen above all need of them.

* * *

"PAULA, come let's invade the commissariat, and sort of take stock. There is that one-egg cake I can make, then a package of cream cheese for sandwiches costs only thirteen cents, and by making one quart of milk do tomorrow we can get a half-pint of cream. And oh, Paula, it's going to be fun to plan and make out. Like a puzzle, really."

In choking admiration, Paul linked arms with her mother and went to view the commissariat.

Next day Paula rushed home from school, anxious to see how her mother's meeting was going. The sound of voices through the screen encouraged her and she tiptoed lightly into the hall.

"And so, Mrs. Hilton, with your experience—we do appreciate your joining us——"

"——Yes, Mrs. Wade, I do like Caldone, what I've seen of it—" The voices mingled pleasantly, and Paula, convinced that the gathering was a success, went happily into the kitchen.

As she carried plates of sandwiches into the dining room, she heard snatches of conversation which halted her steps.

"Yes, ladies, I frankly confess that I was dismayed at first to think of having you see our poor little home. Then too, I felt that I could not do justice to you with an elaborate lunch. But soon I remembered that friendship worth having is above all that. I was sure that no persons kind enough to seek out a lonely newcomer would be likely to condemn her for lack of this world's goods. Lastly, ladies," Mrs. Hilton continued with her charming, infectious laughter, "my home is still my castle and to it as such, I bid you welcome."

Mother! Paula was motionless with horror. How could Mother in her plain shabby dress draw further attention, point out in fact their disgraceful poverty, laugh over it before these well-dressed women. The girl drooped in dismay in her corner. When she roused a moment later, she heard,

" . . . Mrs. Hilton I was sure the moment I laid eyes on you, that you were real, genuine,—a woman we would all be proud to know. I told the others so, didn't I ladies?" If Mrs. Wallace wanted to hold the floor she should never have been so foolish as to give her companions such a lead. The others took immediate advantage.

* * *

"YES, indeed, Mrs. Hilton, you know we all have to count the coppers, and it is refreshing not to have to pretend——"

"You know Mrs. Hilton, I've been admiring your curtains. Would you tell me what you used to color them? I need new ones for our living room, and I just can't afford——"

"And Mrs. Hilton, I made a perfectly lovely rug for our home. I can give you the pattern——"

The lively tongues continued to clatter, and Paula crept—yes, actually crept, back to the kitchen. She had been ashamed, really ashamed, of her gallant mother, for all of a minute. She had dared to tell her mother a few days ago that she 'didn't understand'. And that was how mother fought her giants. She faced them.

The sun was hot and bright, but the bouquet-like bevy of girls loitering on their way from school seemed unheeding. The long rays picked out one head of purer gold than the others. It was well in the centre of the group.

"Really, Paula, I can't think why we wasted such a time getting to know you. I think you have such grand ideas. That club one now——"

Paula interrupted, but spoke slowly. "No, Marge, don't blame yourselves. I—well—you see, I didn't want to get acquainted at first. And yet I was so lonesome."

"But Paula, why? Didn't you *like* us?" queried Fern Wade earnestly. Paula laughed, then sobered.

"Girls it's like this. I felt so ashamed of my shabby clothes. I thought you were laughing at me—at my clothes. That you wouldn't want to know me." She stopped to swallow a lump—facing her giant.

"Why, Paula, how awful. I suppose we are thoughtless at times—but did you really think so little of us? That we were silly enough to care more for clothes than for you? You certainly didn't rate us or yourself very high,

(Concluded on Page 12.)

REVERIE

THE cock's shrill trump that tells of scattered corn,
Passed breezily on by all his flapping mates,
Faint and more faint, from barn to barn is borne,
Southward, perhaps to far Magellan's Straits;
Dimly I catch the throb of distant flails;
Silently overhead the hen-hawk sails,
With watchful, measuring eye, and for his quarry waits.

—From "An Indian Summer Reverie."

His Majesty's Basket of Fish

THE old shepherd shook his grey head. "Robert of Lindon has no more right to the lands than you or I have," he said. "They belong to Mistress Margery and her brother."

"Then why do not they claim them?" said his companion, a shepherd from a neighborhood over the hills. "Mistress Margery is not a young lady to be frightened of talking to the king."

"Robert of Lindon would never let Mistress Margery get near the ear of the king, and her brother is but a wee laddie. I would approach the king myself, but how can I suggest that Robert of Lindon has stolen the land? No, it is Mistress Margery who must see him, and by strat— strat—"

"Strategy, you mean," said Margery, coming from behind a boulder where she had heard all the conversation.

"I have always suspected that all is not right my good Thomson, but I did not know that Cousin Robert was a thief. You are right; I must see the king, and soon."

Now, through the Lindon estates ran a fair stream in which was much good salmon. The king was fond of salmon and sent a message to Robert of Lindon that he would like some of his. Robert of Lindon gave instructions for a large basket to be made of osier twigs, for it to be filled with salmon, and taken by fast pack horses to the palace.

It was some two hours after it had been dispatched that Robert of Lindon went in search of his cousin Margery, but Margery had dissappeared.

Then a disturbing thought came to his mind. He called for his horse and his men and rode toward Edinburgh. He arrived just as the basket was being carried into the king's presence.

"My liege, do not open it," he cried, throwing himself, booted and dusty as he was, at the king's feet. "I have sent you the wrong basket.

"Indeed, my Lord Robert, it would be interesting to see what the basket contains," said the king, "Open it!"

The men did so, and out of it popped Mistress Margery, very messy for she had been covered with fish. She threw herself at the king's feet and pleaded her cause.

"Is this true?" demanded the king. But Robert of Lindon had disappeared.

The king, having made inquiries, upheld Margery's claim, and gave her a special coat of arms—a basket full of fishes with a girl's head coming out of the top.—The Children's Newspaper

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up to be a man
I will do all the things I can.
I'll have horses that can prance,
And I'll have pockets in my pants!
I'll have a watch and a big jack-knife,
And I'll wear braces—bet your life!
—*Pansy.*

"GIANTS"

(Continued from Page 11.)

did you? Of course we like nice clothes, but not that much, Paula." Serious Helen Baker spoke more in sorrow than in pique. Paula remained silent. After all, she deserved that.

"Paula my love, none of us get our clothes off blackberry bushes. Now mine, for instance, are,—well, frankly, hand-me-downs—and oh, how I hate that word,—from a lucky cousin. But do I care? Yes, I do, sometimes," she answered her own defiant question in mock meekness. "But mostly, I think that basket-ball, and jokes, and hobbies and club meetings, and fun and friends are lots more important."

Gay little Margery squeezed Paula's arm and skipped a few light steps. Paula squeezed back with all her might. Life was good—and the giant had melted quite away.

The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and pursuit is the quality of attention.—Charles Dickens.

The firefly only shines when on the wing; so it is with the mind; when we rest we darken.—Bailey.

When all is done and said,
In the end thus you shall find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss
That hath a quiet mind.
—Thomas, Lord Vaux.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. His disciples.
2. He intended that they should go out and preach.
3. "You who understand."
4. "Love your enemies," etc. (vv. 27, 28)
5. That we must not retaliate ("pay back") evil for evil. That we can "love" people even when we don't "like" them.
6. (a) No. such a war may be a Christian duty. (b) Try to turn our enemies into friends.
7. St. Luke 6:31; St. Matthew 7:12.
8. "Never despairing" or "despairing of no man."
9. Generosity in all relations of life.

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Founded by John Dougall, 1864

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Keep your WITS WORKING

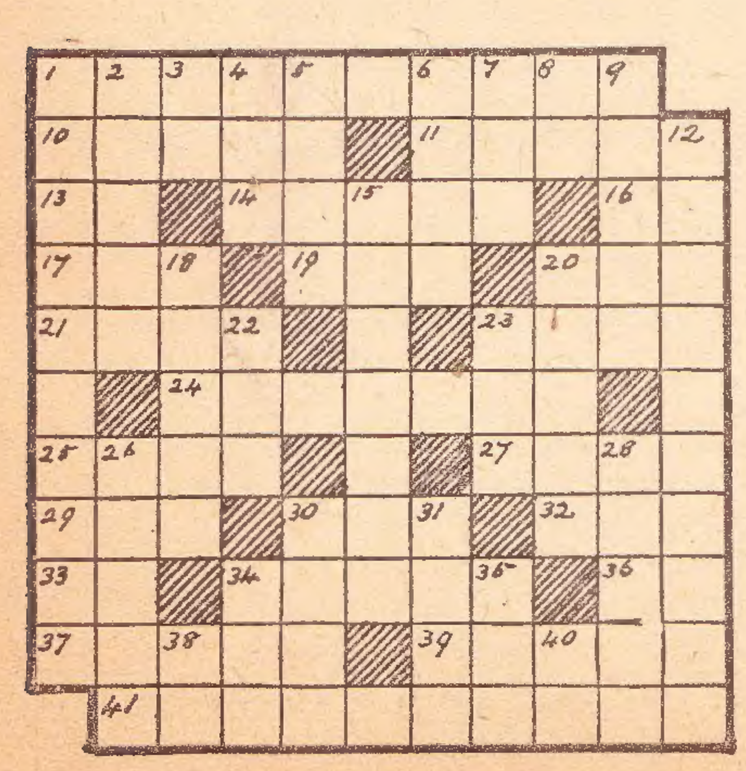
BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across

1. A number.
10. Israel's new camp after the plague of fiery serpents. Num. 21:10.
11. Possessed.
13. Grandson of Shem. Gen. 10:23
14. Punctuation point.
16. Pronoun. 1 John 5:12
17. Royal Agricultural Society.
19. An Israelite who hade made an unlawful marriage. Ezra 10:34
20. Only. 2 Cor. 4:17.
21. Preposition. Matt. 8:31
23. The —— yesterday, and today, and forever. Heb. 13:8
24. A chief prince of Persia. Esth. 1:14
25. An unclean animal. Lev. 11:6
27. A Babylonian province. Dan. 8:2
29. Before. John 4:49
30. Stick. Ex. 4:2
32. Head of a Benjamite clan. 1 Chron. 7:7
33. Preposition. Prov. 6:6
34. Ammonite king. 2 Sam. 10:1
36. Preposition. Gen. 7:16
39. An unclean animal. Lev. 11:29
37. Jael's husband. Judges 4:17
41. Kept in mind. Gen. 8:1

Down

1. Fostereth. Eph. 5:29
2. One of the judges. Judges 12:18.
3. A guilty Egyptian city. Jer. 46:25
4. And so forth (abbr.)
5. Pronoun. Luke 12:20
6. Antonym for 'wise man'. Prov. 17:10
7. Possessive adjective. 1 Cor. 13:5
8. Prefix denoting opposite. 2 Cor. 6:14
9. Leader of Samaritan anti-Jewish propaganda. Ezra 4:9
12. Resolved. 1 Cor. 2:2
15. A great timber country. 1 Kings 5:9
18. Gaze. Ps. 22:17
20. A name for God. Hosea 2:16
22. A lyric poem.
23. Pronoun. Mark 14:8
26. Southern extremity of Israel, east of Jordan. Deut. 4:48.
28. Spring up. Matt. 24:24
30. Uncommon. Dan. 2:11
31. Speechless. Luke 1:20
34. Edge. Ex. 28:34
35. Grandson of Methuselah. Luke 3:36
38. Part of verb 'to be.' Rom. 8:31
40. Abram's native land. Gen. 11:28



CHANGED WORD

Change Sand into Rock in five moves.

DIAMOND PUZZLE

1. A letter. 2. Tense of verb "to be." 3. Short. 4. A fish. 5. a letter.

RIDDLES OLD AND NEW

1. What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident?
2. Why is the letter S like thunder?
3. Why is an airman greatly to be envied?
4. What flower most resembles a bull's mouth?
5. Why is a dog longer in the morning than in the evening?

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Double Acrostic

L o a F
E a r L
A p o l l O
V o W
E d g E
S t a R

Riddles Old and New—1. A donkey. 2. A clock. 3. A barber. 4. A threshing machine. 5. Making a hog of himself. 6. A kitten. 7. One can't see to go and the other can't go to see (sea). 8. One is a weak one, and the other is one week. 9. It looks round.

Enigma.—A Minister.

Teacher: How many sides has an octagon?

Pupil: Eight, sir.

Teacher: How many sides has a circle?

Pupil: Two, sir—an outside and an inside.

"What are you going to call that mule of yours, Uncle?"

"Well, suh," said the driver of the animal, "I ain' made up my mind. I'se tried all de names I could think of, an' I'se goin' right on huntin' mo'. If I ever find one he pay any 'tention to, dat's what I'se gwine call him."

GOVERNMENT REVENUE

(Continued from Page 4.)

the manufacture of the liquor consumed.

A: And the Government would be just as well off in the end.

C: Naturally, with its sober citizens going about their regular business and spending money on other Government industries and utilities, and people paying taxes for things they can enjoy rather than for things that can destroy, and life saner and safer and happier for everybody.

E: Sounds like a better piece of business filling the treasury with taxes on things that help rather than harm, and gaining revenue from things that go toward making a better and happier country for everyone—the Government included.

A: And is there anything we can do about it, C?

C: Not much yet, actually, since none of us are of voting age.

B: But some of the fellows who break laws because of drink and who are a menace to life and property when they are not sober are under age, too.

C: True, and it's a great pity. Some of the fines paid are for that very thing, selling liquor to minors.

A: And if we, as minors, let them sell to us, we are breaking the laws as much as they. That's one vote we can take here, even if we are under age, that we won't be the cause of anyone breaking that law, even if the fine would help swell the Government treasury. Who's for it?

A (*Rising and counting hands that go up*): Carried, and unanimously. So the Government loses out on that bit of revenue, anyway.

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Name at least five useful things that might be bought with the money Canadians spend on alcoholic beverages and give the effect this would have on employment and the revenue. Value 5 marks.

(b) If a man buys liquor in a Government store and then causes an accident or commits a crime, what people are responsible? Value 5 marks.

2. When estimating the value of liquor revenue to governments, what costs must be entered against it?

Value 10 marks.

Old Sam the carter was often to be seen hitting his horse.

"Why is it," he was asked, "that you always hit your poor old horse on the one side?"

"Well," said Sam, "I reckon that if I get one side going the other is sure to follow."

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Economical Meat Dishes

KIDNEYS WITH SAUCE

Soak two beef kidneys in cold water with four slices of lemon for one hour. Saute one-half cup minced onions and a small carrot in two tablespoons shortening. Add two tablespoons flour, one-half bay leaf, one cup meat stock, one cup apple-juice and a clove of garlic—if you like it. Simmer for half an hour and strain. Dry the kidneys, dice into one-half-inch cubes and roll in flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Cook until brown on all sides in melted shortening, add the hot sauce, simmer one minute, and serve. Soaking the beef kidneys makes them tender and delicate in flavor. Serve with buttered spaghetti and a green salad.

HUNGARIAN VEAL ROAST

Get a four-pound piece of breast of veal. Have it boned and a pocket cut for stuffing. Wipe well. To make the stuffing, cook one sliced onion in one-fourth cup fat for five minutes. Add one tablespoon paprika, a bit of sage or thyme, a tablespoon chopped parsley and four cups soft bread crumbs. Fill the pocket and skewer the opening. Rub well with salt, pepper and fat. Sprinkle with a little flour and lay strips of bacon across the top.

Make a stock from the bones and trimmings of the veal and cook with a bay leaf, a sliced onion, celery tops, a sprig of parsley, a few peppercorns and some salt. Strain. Use one cup of the stock in the bottom of the roasting pan and baste the roast frequently as it cooks in a hot oven. When half done add one-half cup sliced carrots and one-half cup sliced onions. Continue cooking until the meat is tender. Make a gravy from the drippings in the pan and additional stock. Serve with boiled potatoes.

RUSSIAN GOULASH

Cut one pound each of veal and fresh lean pork into cubes and brown in hot fat. Chop one green pepper and two onions fine and add to the meat. Then add one and one-half pounds sauerkraut, one teaspoon paprika and one cup sour cream. Cover and cook slowly for three hours. Just before serving add another cup of sour cream and heat thoroughly. Served with hard rolls and coffee, Russian goulash is a meal in itself.

In the Children's Room

LYDIA LION ROBERTS

THE most interesting kind of a children's room is one that is never wholly completed, that holds an element of anticipation because some new feature is always being planned or worked upon. If the children themselves have the larger part in this enchanting process, the room will become, for them, very satisfying.

The play table may be made most unusual and fascinating, if it is transformed into a poetry table. First be sure there is no oil or wax on the surface. "Wax-off" will quickly remove it. If this is not available, consult a painter. Let the children collect from papers and magazines, or have typed, enough poems that they really like to cover the top. Help them to glue the poems to the table, arranging them with spaces between so they may be easily read and an artistic effect be produced.

Shellac, or if one of the children is old enough let him shellac, the whole top, giving it several coats so that a hard smooth finish is obtained. Be sure to use white shellac, and test its drying qualities on and around a small piece of paper, later to be covered by a poem, pasted on this same table, before the shellacking is undertaken.

A table like this will be of unending interest to the children, and it may be used for ordinary activities without detriment to the poems.

Another exciting project for the children's bedroom or playroom is a scrapbook screen. An inexpensive screen with pasteboard panels is the foundation, and having this, the fun of choosing its decorations will begin. The panels of one such screen were completely covered on both sides with bright colored pictures and copies of famous paintings. One young boy had great fun collecting pictures of ships for his screen, enlisting his father's help to procure pictures of seacraft large and small, of various countries, and representing those from early days down to the latest ocean liner. Another attractive screen was made by using magazine covers. Mother and Father raised the question of harmony, and good choices were made.

DESTINY

There is a Hand that bends our deeds
To mightier issues than we planne
Each son that triumphs, each tha
bleeds
My country, serves its dark com-
mand.
I do not know beneath what sky,
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great.

—Richard Hovey.

If there is a couch in the children's playroom, the making of a personal name couch cover or pillow top provides an interesting experience. The children ask playmates, friends or relatives to write their names with pencil on separate squares of unbleached cotton cloth or any strong, fadeless, washable material of a plain color, and then they outline each name with floss or thread of some fast color. When enough squares are ready, they are sewn together. The children will need help when this is finished for they will be ready for the lining.

A variation of this project would be to have the contributors draw animals instead of writing their names. The effect produced is sometimes far from artistic, but it is usually amusing. Either of these covers will last for years and be a continual source of interest to the children.

On the wall of the children's room each year may be hung a personal calendar with monthly pages made by the children as the year progresses. It will require twelve large oblongs of thin cardboard or heavy paper. The days of the month may be printed on each, or leaves taken from any advertising calendar, of suitable size, may be attached. On the blank portions of the sheets, the children fasten their best school work for that month, using drawings, number work papers, or any other records of achievement which have received good marks or are for some other reason worthy of the space. Records of special family occasions or a brief diary of events may be written or printed on white or colored paper and added to the month's collection. At the end of the year the children will have made a pictorial personal calendar that will be of interest and value for a long time.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

Nurse (suspiciously): "What have you been doing, Ellen?"

Ellen: "Rover's eaten my dolly's slippers, so I've been punishing him."

Nurse: "How?"

Ellen: "I've been to his kennel and drinked his milk."

Northern Messenger

Montreal, November 1, 1940.

"AID WITHOUT LIMIT"

IN the great cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York—if not the largest, one of the very largest churches in the world—the Right Rev. William T. Manning, Bishop of New York, spoke of the war.

Here are some extracts from his challenging address:

"The world today is filled with suffering, dismay and dread. A power has arisen which seeks to destroy the very elements of civilized life, which mocks at justice, honor, and truth among men, which has already crushed the free and peace-loving peoples of Europe, and which threatens Liberty and Christianity throughout the world.

"Here in the United States we are forced to become an armed camp and to embark upon unparalleled measures of defense against Hitlerism and that for which Hitlerism stands. And while we prepare for our defense the people of Great Britain, left standing alone, are meeting the full fury of this evil and monstrous assault.

"There have been barbarian invasions in the past but never one like this one, which defies the common conscience of mankind and is equipped for its wicked purposes with all the resources of modern science.

"This is a war against Justice, against Liberty, and against Christianity itself.

"This is a struggle in which no Christian, and no true American, can be neutral. In this great moral and spiritual conflict we cannot be neutral in heart and mind, and we cannot rightly be neutral in action.

"Speaking as a citizen of this land, and also as a Bishop of the Christian Church, I say that it is our duty to give our immediate aid, without stint or limit, in every form available, to the people of Great Britain who are giving their lives and all that they have in this battle which is ours as truly as it is theirs. Upon the issue of this conflict the future of the whole world depends.

"For the sake of humanity, for the sake of our own land, and for the sake of our own souls as true men, we must do our part in this great crisis. In this struggle all that we cherish and hold sacred is involved.

"It is a war against culture, against religion, against the sacred inherent rights of men, against all enlightened human progress. If the forces of Hitlerism prevail the world will go back to darkness, despotim, and human degradation.

"And so we who are assembled in this cathedral . . . send to all our brethren in Britain our promise that as Christians and Americans we will do everything in our power to urge our Government to give our immediate and utmost aid."

* * *

Bishop Manning spoke for the enlightened conscience of a great part of the people of the United States. Briton in their struggle have the moral backing of their "cousins" of the Republic. And with that moral backing they have the material backing of an ever-increasing flow of war material.

Britain and the British Commonwealth have the place of greatest danger and by their unparalleled heroism and courage have won, so far at least, the place of greatest honor.

The war is increasingly costly in blood and treasure. But whatever the cost we should be thankful that as Canadians we are called to share that cost, enduring, fighting, suffering for the great cause.

A War Correspondent says—

"I Have Met God

in the Religious Press, without which my own outlook would have been materialized and distorted."

WILLIAM T. ELLIS
Foreign and war correspondent; newspaper syndicate writer.

FOR nearly half a century, my life has been chiefly devoted to reading and writing. My calling has made me an addict to secular periodical literature; yet every week I have also perused carefully several religious papers.

Now, looking back, I want to bear tribute to the value of these religious publications. They have been a large part of my education. Through them I have got a continuous picture of life in its more serious aspects. They have kept me *au courant* with the religious movements of the world. Their editorial and contributed articles, their quotations from the wise of all ages, and their good poetry, have entered largely into my literary inheritance.

Best of all, the religious press has continually fertilized my spiritual life, giving me a ceaseless awareness of the things of God. Without the corrective of these to my constant newspaper reading, I am sure that my own outlook would have been materialized and distorted. Times beyond count I have met God in the pages of the religious press.

Oct. 15, 1940.

* * *

Note:—It is with the purpose of evolving God-consciousness in a materialistic and distorted world that the Northern Messenger is sent out each week. It is the only Sunday School paper so far as we know that is doing this in close relation to **today's news.**

THE BURMA ROAD

SINCE Japan began her war on China she has declared that she would regard any attempt of other nations to trade with that country as "an unfriendly act." But China, much more worthy of consideration, accepted such trade as a most friendly act.

The Chinese Government is at Chungking in Western China and a wonderful new, progressive China is growing up in that region. The Burma Road, starting from Lashio in Burma and winding 725 miles through the upper country, much of it mountainous, till it reaches Kunming in the Western Chinese province of Yunnan, is one of China's principal channels of supply from the outer world.

Last July when, after the collapse of France, Britain faced Germany alone, her Government yielded to the representations of Japan that if the Burma road was closed for a few months, reducing China's power to fight, Japan would seek peace with China. So Britain closed this trade route, a concession which a good many British people considered as another attempt at "appeasement," a policy which aggressors take as a sign of fear and weakness.

Japan did not keep her promise. She pushed her war against China with relentless persistency. So Britain has opened the Burma Road again, and many hundreds of trucks full of supplies, including arms, munitions and airplane parts started toward China immediately the Road was opened.

The Japanese have bombed and will doubtless continue to bomb the road, but China has a great supply of brave and patient labor, and squads are stationed along the road so that they can quickly repair damage from Japanese bombs.

Another aid to China is the embargo placed by the United States, Canada, India and Mexico on the shipment of

scrap iron and other metals to Japan. All this means hope for China. It will hearten General Chiang Kai-Shek and his heroic wife in their struggle for China's freedom against the Asiatic end of the Japanese-German-Italian "axis".

It should encourage a renewed flow of "Canadian Christian Dollars" to help the Chinese who have suffered and who are suffering so terribly from unprovoked invasion.

We have great pleasure in stating that a sum contributed by Messenger readers amounting to $302.67 is now on the way to Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, to be used by her for the relief of war sufferers. Such contributions are a practical expression of Canadian Christian sympathy with China in this hour of her great need. Are there not other readers of the Northern Messenger who would like to share in a further expression of such practical sympathy? All such contributions will be acknowledged in these columns under the heading, Canadian Christian Dollars for China. Cheques or money orders for the fund should be made payable to John Dougall and Son, in trust.

Canadian Christian Dollars for China

Previously acknowledged & forwarded to Official Treasurer		$459.48
Further Contributions		265.59
M.L.C., Havana, Cuba	1.00	
E. May Fraser, Sask.	10.00	
Mr. and Mrs. N. Brown, Ont. .	5.18	
Mrs. J. J. Ferguson, N.S.	4.20	
"A Friend", N.S.	5.00	
Margaret Steele, B.C.	2.00	
Mr. John Perry, Alta.	2.20	29.58
Total		$754.65

THE GHOST CURE

(Continued from Page 3.)

RYDER frowned. "Don't do it again. It's too risky a trick to play on impressionable kids. If they'd had a nervous shock it would be a tragedy by now. Such things can happen."

Carter looked uneasy. "You're right about that. It won't happen again. I'm sorry."

"And do you know," he continued, as the two boys walked upstairs, "That the yarn the caretaker gave Butler was a fake? The old villain made it up.—'Mister Butler wanted a ghost and I didn't like to disappoint him'—he said."

Ryder laughed, and then stopped short as they neared the dormitory. "What an idiot I am not to think of it before now! Where was Butler while all this was going on?"

Carter chuckled and pointed to a bed, where that learned historian and scientist, Butler, lay sound asleep!

(The End.)

He Saved the Machines

A FINE story of resourcefulness and determination comes from the Old Country in connection with the French collapse concerning the feat of a foreman of a Midlands armament factory.

Shortly before the tragedy of the French surrender the foreman, Mel Johns, was sent to the south of France to assist in the assembly of certain important war munition machines with which the French workmen were having difficulty.

Johns had hardly arrived when a telegram ordered him back home because of the military situation.

To the Midlands foreman "it seemed a terrible pity to leave such valuable machines behind, and he determined to save them.

The French workmen presented the first difficulty. They decided to leave the plant, and although they had a fleet of trucks, refused to give him one.

Johns was not to be beaten. Searching the highways and byways, he came upon a British army truck manned by four exhausted Tommies.

"THAT lorry was just what I needed for my machines," Johns related. "So I talked the boys into coming along with me. They didn't much want to—thought their duty was to go on looking for their unit. But I explained how important it was to get those machines back home, so we could make more guns to beat the Jerries. And they agreed to help.

They drove to the munitions plant, dismantled the machines and got them on the lorry. "Now drive like everything to Bordeaux," directed Johns. "We've got to get there before dark."

It was 90 miles to the port, but they stopped for nothing. Arrived there, Johns hurried to the British Consul's office. An attache guaranteed his own personal passage home, but "regretted" about the machines.

Again Johns was not to be beaten, however, and his determined arguments finally overcame official objections. Ship space was granted, and the machines were slung aboard, just as the first Nazi planes roared overhead.

* * *

THE ship was packed with refugees —so many that there were not enough lifebelts to go round. When resourceful Mel Johns discovered this, he went down into the hold, removed the tires from all the motor cars aboard, extracted and blew up the inner tubes, and handed these to people without lifebelts.

And for good measure he improvised a raft for a British officer in charge of a quantity of valuables, who wanted to be sure of their safety in case the ship was bombed and sunk. The rumour was that the precious cargo comprised "radium plus the Belgium crown jewels."

Three days later the vessel safely reached the west coast of England.

Meantime, since no word had been received from Johns, and as the last refugees had arrived from Bordeaux, the foreman had been practically given up for lost. It was a story-like climax, therefore, when one day an army truck rumbled into the factory with the lost foreman in the driver's seat, and behind him four munition making machines, each the size of a baby grand piano—each worth £4,000 in terms of money, but worth much more for producing important munitions.

We wonder whether Mel Johns was not formerly a Boy Scout. He certainly was a true Scout in his resourcefulness and his determination to see a job through.—The Scout Leader.

Good nature is the oil that makes work move along without squeaking.